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Part One - Fireheart's point of view

[image]

Please help me with the chapter names*

I paced in a small clearing in front of the warriors' den, thinking about all Tigerclaw's doing.
Killing the former ThunderClan deputy, Redtail... Trying to get rid of Ravenpaw...
Tigerclaw was now appointed deputy. Lionheart, the deputy before Tigerclaw, died in battle while Bluestar, Tigerclaw, Ravenpaw, Graystripe and I were going to the Moonstone. Graystripe, Ravenpaw, and I were only apprentices then.
I let a purr escape my chest as I thought of the fun times we had then, before my worries about Tigerclaw got too far.
"Fireheart!" A voice sounded from across the clearing.
I looked around, but only to find Tigerclaw padding towards me, a grin on his face. I raised a brow.
"What, Tigerclaw?" I meowed. "Aren't you supposed to be on patrol? Dustpelt told me-"
I was interrupted by the stripped tabby tom flicking his tail on my muzzle.
"I never said that I would joins his hunting patrol." He answered. "And you listen to me, not *him.* I'm the deputy, not Dustpelt."
His gaze looked so menacing, I tried giving the same look, but turned away.
"And Bluestar's leader. Not *you!*"
Tigerclaw looked as if he was trying to bite back a growl that was rising in his throat.
Eventually, he calmed down, and sighed angrily.
"You came here to speak to me for a reason," I meowed quietly. I flicked my tail to show I was a little irritated by Tigerclaw wasting my time.
I have things to think about, mouse-brain! I thought bitterly. *Start*

speaking!
As if he could read my thoughts, he spoke. But what he said made me shudder.
"We have to go on patrol together."
As I said, I shuddered.
"Why?" I asked. "You and I don't get along!" I protested. "Why would you put us in a patrol together!?"
Tigerclaw looked taken aback, then hissed, "I would *never* put us together! This is an order from Bluestar."
What!?
"And I'm a rabbit." I retorted.
"No, you're crow-food..."
Tigerclaw walked away into the tunnel that led out of camp. I followed, meeting him just outside.
We slipped through the undergrowth of the trees. There was light from the warm sun here and there, but most is shade. The sounds all the same: birds singing their songs, mice squeaking.
My belly rumbled, and Tigerclaw looked at me with amusement?
"Don't worry," he meowed, resting his tail on my shoulder and pulling ahead as if to drag me back. "You can hunt. Later. We're on border patrol right now."
I groaned in frustration.
Why didn't I eat breakfast!? I scolded myself.
While on patrol with Tigerclaw, all was silent. No one spoke, ShadowClan and WindClan didn't make any signs of hostility. Just silence.
We decided to hunt, just for a bit. We met in a small clearing when we finished our hunt. I brought back a squirrel, two mice, and a blackbird. Tigerclaw had a vole, a blackbird, and a squirrel.
"Come on," his mew muffled with his prey.
I quickly picked up my prey, took it back to camp, set it at the fresh-kill pile, and grabbed a vole for myself.
Graystripe bounded over with a tired look on his face. He lied down, and sighed, scooting me over.
"You better share that vole, Fireheart," he warned. Amusement hinting that he was joking, yet it was barely heard.
"What happens if I don't?" I teased, pulling the vole from his reach and into my paws. My back facing him.
He growled playfully, and licked my ear.
I looked at him, his eyes were sad and helpless. Although I knew he

was joking, my heart gave in, so I gave in.
"Oh, alright..." I turned and pushed the vole in between us.
"Happy?"
"Very!"
As he ate, I watched him tear into the vole. I ate my half already.
"Why couldn't you get your own?" I asked. "There was plenty."
I glanced back at the fresh-kill pile, which was still a pile. The hunting patrols are having lots of luck today.
"I'm lazy, that's why."
His answer was blunt. But I knew that's not why he didn't get his own. I gave him a questioning look, and we stared at each other for a bit.
Eventually, he gave in.
"Fine!" He sighed. "I just want to steal your food." He looked extremely amused.
"Graystripe!"
"What?"
I twitched my ears in amusement, but my face was stern.
"You take my food too much," I meowed. I rolled over on my back and pointed to my stomach. "I'm growing skinnier than I should be!"
Graystripe sat up. I tried to as well, but I felt his paws slam down on my belly.
I let out a grunt and a groan.
"Graystripe!" I gasped. "Why would you do that?"
"You're right, Fireheart."
"About?"
"You need to become plump like me! Eat more!" He yowled in my ear, making me flinch.
"I would if you stopped taking my food." I pushed him off, and sat up.
We talked and groomed each other. After that, went to take a nap.
I let sleep take over as I felt a weird feeling stirring in my stomach while thinking about Tigerclaw.
The same feeling I felt when Spottedleaf was alive. She was ThunderClan's medicine cat... Now she's gone.
But Tigerclaw is still around.

Okay! Hope you enjoyed this first chapter. Should I continue? Let me know.

Thanks for reading! ❤

Also, it says that I can add a picture or video at the top. You all can decide what I put there, a long as it's appropriate.
I need help with it as well, so...
❤
Thank you!

Part Two - Tigerclaw's point of view

Dawn crept through the brambles of the warriors' den.
I stirred.
Licking my chest fur and shaking at the moss that still clung to my pelt, I kept glancing at the ginger tom.
Fireheart.
I narrowed my eyes at his still, but breathing, body. His chest heaving up and down in a low, steady rhythm.
Why did it feel like something was off about him?
What is it that made me feel... Weird around him, or every time I think about him.
Stepping out of the den, the sun warming my brown stripped pelt, I squinted.
Today, I thought, *will be a warm day. I hope.*
I grabbed a rabbit from the fresh-kill pile, and headed back to the entrance of the den, sat down, and ate the rabbit.
When I took at least two mouthfuls, Fireheart crept out of the den, sitting next to me.
He never sits near me. That's odd.
"Are you waiting for Graystripe, your friend?" I asked nervously.
Hoping he is.
But his presence beside me stirred my heart, made me feel warm inside.
No! I scolded myself.
"I don't know what I'm doing..." He trailed off. Staring into the distance.
I passed my half eaten rabbit to him, and he looked at me with wide eyes.
"You never share food with me, Tigerclaw," he asked anxiously.
"What's it make a difference now?"
I didn't answer. Instead, I moved the prey closer to him, and went to the apprentices' den.
"Wake up," I growled. "Your mentors will be waiting for you."
The apprentices stirred, and I went back into the clearing, near the

fresh-kill pile.
As if on cue, the warriors emerged from the den.
Whitestorm yawned, then groomed himself. Longtail looked around, a little hesitant, as if this was the first time being in the camp.
Darkstripe immediately spotted me and padded over. Longtail followed. Graystripe sat beside his friend, Fireheart.
Graystripe and Fireheart ate and groomed each other, purring.
When they looked at me, I flicked my tail to beckon them forward.
It was time for a dawn patrol on the borders, then I had to make a hunting patrol.
When the gray warrior and the ginger tom were near, and the others, I gave them each a patrol the were to be on.
"Whitestorm, Graystripe, Fireheart and I will go on border patrol," I ordered. "The rest of you will hunt when we get back."
I looked around the clearing. "Where is Sandstorm and Dustpelt?" I asked.
Whitestorm answered. "They went on extra patrols yesterday," the white warrior mewed. "They are really tired, so I told them to get some rest."
Of course.
"Right," I said in a commanding tone. "Let's go, then."
With a sweep of my tail, they followed me out into the undergrowth.

----------Time Skip----------

The border patrol was quiet, we talked about how things might go at the gathering tonight, hoping there's no trouble. Murmering things about WindClan, ShadowClan, and RiverClan, and their leaders.
The one who didn't speak at all was Fireheart.
I'll talk to him.
After telling Whitestorm to go ahead, I fell in behind the rest, catching to Fireheart's side. He looked as if he didn't notice my presence.
Clearing my throat, I meowed, "Fireheart," to get his attention.
Instead of looking directly at me, he turned his head in the opposite direction, as if he didn't want to talk.
"Fireheart." I repeated.
When he looked at me, he looked like he was hiding so many

emotions, I couldn't tell which one he was feeling most.
"Tigerclaw, I don't wanna talk," he murmured seriously, picking up the pace. What he said next was barely more than a whisper, but I caught what he said. "Especially not to some murderer!"
I was shocked by his chosen words. I stood there for a few moments, then caught up to the front of the patrol.
Glancing back, I could see Graystripe and Fireheart talking and whispering. Though I couldn't hear what they were talking about.

The patrol went well, despite trying to talk to Fireheart. The hunting patrol set off when we came back, and I intently watched Fireheart settle beside Graystripe with vole in his jaws.
How did he know that I murdered someone?
Ravenpaw! I thought bitterly. That fox-heart!
I sighed and continued to watch Fireheart and Graystripe. Although the distance was great, I could make out a few words coming from them.
"... Stop taking my food, you stupid furball!" Fireheart meowed as Graystripe took his prey.
The gray tom ate a mouthful before replying. "You give me food, I give you friendship and comfort." I heard Graystripe purr.
Comfort? What does he mean?
Fireheart growled, with an edge amusement, and swiped Graystripe on the muzzle with a sheathed paw. Then he took the vole from the gray tom and curled around it, making sure his friend couldn't get the food.
The ginger tom batted his friend with a sheathed paw every time he tried to take it.
After a bit, Graystripe got to his paws and grabbed a fat mouse for himself, then settled beside Fireheart again.
Fireheart began to eat his vole when Graystripe came back.
I padded over to the two, to confront Graystripe of taking his friend's food.
I nodded my greetings, and glanced at Graystripe, who looked confuzzled.
"Tigerclaw," Fireheart meowed, mot meeting my gaze.
"I've been watching you two from across the camp," I started, flicking my tail to where I was sitting near the bramble fenced wall near the nursery.
"... Okay...?" Graystripe raised a brow. "Why were you watching

us?"
Avoiding the question, I continued. "Why are you taking Fireheart's meals?" I ask. "Everyone here needs to keep their strength up. One thing to do that is to eat. I see you've become a little plump, Graystripe. I know that isn't going to get in the watmy of you hunting, o doing any physical activity?"
Graystripe glanced at Fireheart, guilt flooding his gaze. "No, sorry Fireheart."
Fireheart flicked his tail and smiled. "Don't worry about it. Anymore, at least. I hope one day you'll get all the mice you can get," he meowed. "You'll need me to hunt you mice, since squirrels are the only things you've been able to catch since we were apprentices!"
"Hey!" The gray warrior meowed, swiping a paw on Fireheart's head. "I caught *you,* remember? You fought well. I was impressed."
Fireheart gave a few embarrassed licks to his chest fur.
"I mean... Bluestar called me unusual, remember?" He purred. "Am I really unusual to you?"
They purred and I sat next to them, bathing in the warm sun.
A few moments later Darkstripe came bounding to me, blocking my sunlight.
I growled. "What now?"
"You told us to meet you in the hollow," he explained. "You said you needed to talk."

Oh my gosh! This story is hurting my hands. But I have lot's of other stories to finish, so if I don't post, it's because of that, most likely.
Thanks!
Bye!

Part Three - Fireheart's point of view

I watched silently, my eyes narrowed, as Tigerclaw padded out of camp with Darkstripe. I never trusted them. *Nothing* could make me trust them. Not after Ravenpaw's news about him.
I made a promise that I'd get rid of Tigerclaw, and I will keep that promise until it happens.
A sneeze from Graystripe shook me from my thoughts, and I realized that my tail was tickling his nose.
He sneezed again.
I moved my tail, and meowed, "sorry Graystripe!"
My friend rubbed his nose.
"Yeah, yeah!" He said, his voice muffled by his paws covering his muzzle. "One more sneeze and you would become another Halftail!"
I laughed, thinking of a name. "Halfheart or Firetail!" I twitched my ear.
"*Halfheart*..." He murmured, half to himself. He had mischief in his eyes, with a glitter of amusement still.
Nervous to even ask, I asked, "What? Why are you looking at me like that?"
All amusement gone from my body, but filled in with nervousness.
"Who's the other half, Fireclaw- I mean, Fireheart." He grinned.
*Did he just call me Fire*claw?
"Er... What?"
Graystripe groaned in frustration.
"You know you have feelings for Tigerclaw, Fireheart!" His rough mew turned into a soft whisper. "Just admit it. Spill out your feelings about him!"
I snorted with disgust, and laughed sarcastically.
"I don't feel anything except worry..." I trailed, memories flooding my mind.
"Yeah, I get you. Worry about losing him, I see."
"Graystripe!" I groaned and swiped a paw at him, my claws sheathed. "You mouse-brain!"
"Okay! Okay! I'll leave you alone..." There was silence for a while

before he spoke again. "Fireclaw."
Graystripe ran off out of camp, into the forest. I gave chase, my muscles aching, but anger and annoyance fired me up it didn't matter anymore.
I found Graystripe into a small clearing. But not just *a* clearing. *Our* clearing.
He came to a halt, and I bumped into him, tumbling on the ground with him.
When we stopped rolling, I made sure I was on top so I could confront him. I put a paw on his chest, the other on his stomach.
I growled and hissed. My hind legs held his hind paws down so he couldn't throw me off.
"Graystripe, you fox-hearted mouse-brain!" I yowled. "You *know* how much Tigerclaw and I don't get along!"
Graystripe looked scared, but there was glimmer in his eyes. One that I didn't recognize.
What was it?
"Look, you're worrying too much, lighten up! Or I'll tell Bluestar how much you despise her!" He threatened.
I hesitated.
"I don't despise her! She's a great leader, no other can compare!" I retort.
"Look over there, a mouse," he whispered.
I quickly got off of him, trying to scent mouse. But there was nothing.
"There-"
I couldn't finish my sentence because Graystripe's body collided with mine, pinning me.
"Mouse-brain," he spat.
When his weight was off my body, I hesitated to get to my paws. *Don't knock me over, Graystripe!* I thought. Then again, I would be a hypocrite if I said it aloud.
Graystripe licked his paw, then dragged it over his head.
Meanwhile, I was cleaning my tail, chest. Then I turned my head to face my side and cleaned there.
"Mouse-dung!" I heard Graystripe hiss. I glanced over to see what happened.
"What's the matter?" Graystripe shook his head and put out his paw.
A thorn.
I looked at Graystripe, who was telling me not to touch it.

"Close your eyes," I mewed.
"Wha-"
I held my paw under his, and took the thorn between my teeth. I pulled it out as fast as I could.
Graystripe yowled in pain an hit me in the head with his other paw.
"Hey!" I hissed. "I helped you!"
"Yeah," he growled. "But I told you not to touch it!"
I told Graystripe to go see the Yellowfang.
While watching him go, I couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for him.
I sighed and decided to go hunting.
I spotted movement in the corner of my eye. I sniffed the air, pin pointing it. It was near a gorse bush.
I quickly got into my hunting crouch, keeling all my weight on my haunches, and crept forward.
As soon as I was close enough to pounce, I did.
While I was mid-air, the mouse spotted me, and tried to run away. But I was quicker.
I ran after it, and caught it, breaking its neck, for a less messy kill.
After catching as much prey as I could manage, I returned to ThunderClan camp.
As soon as I entered the clearing, I spotted Tigerstar glaring at me. There was also something else in his eyes.
Something *I* don't know.
I shook it off, and placed my kill with the others, taking one for Graystripe and Yellowfang. Yellowfang can be feisty, but I know how to get on her good side... Sometimes.
As I stepped into her clearing, I couldn't help but feel sadness that Spottedleaf isn't here. I sighed.
At least, I thought, *she's with StarClan now... She hunts with StarClan.*
All I wanted was for her to be beside me, her warm, sweet scent rushing over me, like waves.
I shook my head, hoping to clear it.
Walking to the entrance and popping my head in, I meowed, "Anyone in here?"
"Fireheart, youngster!" The voice was unforgettable. It was Yellowfang. "Come in, you!" She rasped. "Graystripe told me you had a thing for Tigerclaw."
I froze, anger and frustration burning inside me.
Does Graystripe, my friend, *have to tell* everyone?

I walked in the den, two mice in my jaws for the both of them. When I did, they both looked amused.
I sat just on the far end, after placing Yellowfang's mouse next to her, just in front of them.
Graystripe tried to take the mouse, but I dragged it away from him.
"Oh, come on, Fireheart!" He growled.
I glared at him, trying not to show too much anger.
"Are you going to tell everyone in camp?" I demanded.
"Well," he pretended to think. "If you want me to. The last one I'll tell is Tigerclaw, unless you do it yourself. Now give me my mouse!"
"No! I caught this mouse. And I don't like Tigerclaw!" I spat. "... I that way... *Maybe* as a friend."
I tossed the mouse to Graystripe, who happily ate the mouse.
Graystripe burped, then meowed, "I'll give you a deal," and swiped his young over his quivering whiskers. I wondered if that was excitement.
I thought for a moment. Last time we made a deal, it wasn't good. But times change, so I could give it another shot.
I sighed and muttered, "what is it?"
He grinned, and I didn't know if I wanted to do the deal anymore.
I shifted my paws nervously as he continued.
"You hunt for me, I don't tell anyone your secret," he smiled.
Secret?
"What secret?" I ask, confused.
He groans in frustration, I roll my eyes.
"I won't say you like him." He replied.
"Don't say I love him either, Graystripe. I mean it!" I warned before starting to head out.
I nodded politely to the both of em, and started to the warriors' den.
I plopped down in the sun, choosing what I should do next.
I decided not to eat for a bit, even if my stomach growled. I'd rather feel great for helping feed everyone and go hungry, rather than eat and not help everyone else.
But the warrior code says the kits and elders have to be fed *first.*
Why hesitate to not feed them?
It was still day, and, with a sigh, I fell asleep in the sun that was now going down, but slower than usual.
This is the longest day ever...

Note:

Sorry for the wait! I really am. I was just a little busy, writing other stories I had to get done soon before the summer is over so I could have free time.
Plus, I am trying to read ALL of the Warrior series, by Erin Hunter, by the end of this summer.
I've never been so exhausted in my life... *sigh*
But I will try not to keep you all waiting.
Thanks for reading!
Bye!
❤

Part Four - Tigerclaw's point of view

I padded alongside Darkstripe, glancing to the bushes, just in case someone was watching or following.

Although they showed no sign, I still felt like we were being watched. I leaned into Darkstripe, who looked at me with curiosity, and I whispered, "we need to be cautious, Darkstripe."

He nodded, and we kept walking. Meanwhile, my thoughts were on the kittypet. Yes, Fireheart. He's been trying to ruin my plans of becoming leader! And we need to get rid of him.

And yet, there was a different feeling that bothered me ears to tail tip. I know what it is, but I don't want to admit it.

But what if he feels the same way, I thought. *Or knows?*

I shook the feeling to the back of my mind. I was too engaged in my own thoughts that I hadn't noticed that we were at Sunningrocks. I was sitting with my tail wrapped around my paws, Darkstripe in front of me. Longtail was sitting next to us, making a triangular shape.

I also hadn't realized that Darkstripe was trying to get my attention.

"Tigerclaw! Tigerclaw!"

I snapped back to reality, and noticed that he looked annoyed. When I looked at Longtail, he was shifting his paws nervously, but he said nothing. He was silent.

I quickly looked back at the dark gray warrior, my former apprentice, who sighed deeply, but held his gaze.

"What's up with you, Tigerclaw? You're never *this* engaged to your thoughts." He meowed.

I shook my head.

"Doesn't matter," I growled.
"We-" I cut myself off, wondering why I asked them to meet me here. What am I here for? What-
The thought came back to me. Fireheart.

Darkstripe looked at me with a confused look. "What? We what?" He asked, a little mockery in his tone, but you could hardly tell it was there.

Ignoring his comment, I took a deep breath and continued. "We need to get rid of Fireheart."

It felt as if each word was being dragged out of me. Why, though? Why did I feel this way? He's a kittypet! I'm a warrior!

But he is so loyal to ThunderClan, no one can compare. But why the feeling? The way he looked at me. The glares had something else. Yes. Love? I can't tell with him, he's unusual. But I smiled earlier this morning. To him!
I guess I can only ask one cat. The one Fireheart is closest to.

Graystripe.

"Good idea, Tigerclaw." Darkstripe meowed excitedly. We glanced at Longtail, who was still silent.

"Yeah..." He muttered. "It's a good plan... If you don't think he's as good of a mouse-brain as you think." He unsheathed one of his claws and messed with the dirt.

Darkstripe thought for a moment, but reluctantly nodded agreement.

Me being confused, I growled, "what in StarClan's name do you mean?"

Longtail flinched, but continued.

"Well, sure, Fireheart's a kittypet. But that doesn't mean he's not... " he trailed off, looking for the right words to say. "... It doesn't mean

he can't use his wits."

Longtail looked at me and clearly saw that I was confused.

"Example?" He asked.

"Yes. Please, explain with detail," I replied.

"M'kay..." He thought for a moment. Darkstripe and I exchanged glances before looking back at Longtail. "Well, say you, Darkstripe, found a fox trap. What would you do with it?"

"I thought you were explaining?" Darkstripe meowed instead.

Longtail flicked his tail and ears in irritation. "Just answer the question, Darkstripe."

I could tell he was trying not to growl. After all, Darkstripe would be second in command when I become leader, and Longtail would be just a warrior. Darkstripe's loyalty is extreme. Longtail sometimes doesn't agree with everything I say, and then I have to convince him or bribe him.

Darkstripe answered. "I would show it to Tigerclaw, of course!" Darkstripe purred.

I let a purr escape my throat as well. Darkstripe is always loyal to me.

"Okay." Longtail turned to me. "Tigerclaw, what would you do with the trap?"

I thought for a moment. Then it hit me.

Use it to trap Fireheart and kill him.

But part of me didn't want to say that. But I did.

"Hmm..." Longtail hummed.

He drew a little map of our territory. But when he messed up, he took his paw and erased the part he messed up on, and start again.

When he finished, he added an X to the map. Then he drew an arrow from the X, and marked it "Fox trap".

What was unusual, though, was that the fox trap he marked was here. In Sunningrocks.

Was there a trap here?

I pushed away the thought, and let him continue what he was saying.

"Alright." Longtail purred at his masterpiece. "How would you get Fireheart to this destination? Either of you can answer."

Without hesitation, I told Longtail that I would take him on a patrol with only me. He would go hunt on Sunningrocks, I would hunt near ShadowClan territory. Then, I'll go check on him, after catching some fresh kill, and make sure to lead him to where the trap was.

"After he gets caught, I'll go the death blow!" I growled triumphantly, unsheathing my right paws' claws.

"*If* he gets caught," Longtail meowed. "So, what do you do if he *doesn't* get caught?"

I thought.
That's a good question...

"Hmm... Kill him myself." I hissed.

"How?" Longtail asked. "If he attacks you to get away, and he gets away and runs to camp, you're as good as exiled."

Longtail was right, even thought I hated to admit it.

As long as he's dead... But what about these feelings I have!? What do I do with those?

"Well... Then I'll get exiled. I just wanna see him dead."

Again, every word was dragged out, trying to sound convincing.

"That's... Some real dedication, Tigerclaw," Darkstripe meowed.

Longtail nodded a moment after Darkstripe's comment. I narrowed my eyes at him.

Hmm... How'd he get so smart?

Longtail is still young. He became a warrior a few moons ago, about three or four.

There was silence for a few heartbeats. That was until Longtail's mew filled the clearing.

"It's getting dark, we should get going," he comments, standing up to walk away.

Darkstripe did the same, I was last.

When we got back to camp, prey in our jaws, we went to our nests after eating.

The Queens were getting their kits to bed, some kits protesting that they aren't tired.

I watched in amusement.

Warriors filled the warriors' dental quickly. Graystripe came in, but where was Fireheart?

Usually the two entered together. What was up? Did they fight?

I looked back at the young, gray warrior, who was , which told me they didn't fight.

Just then, Fireheart came in. He was the last one in. But he hesitated *to* come in. Why? The younger, ginger warrior came in at last, taking a deep breath. He walked to his nest, which was next the Graystripe's, but also beside mine. Fireheart glanced around the den. His beautiful forest green eyes looking right into my amber ones. I could see my own confusion.
But he looked away right when I opened my maw to reply.

I noticed something else, too. He was... Blushing? Why?

I stared at him for a few moments before curling up in my moss, and wrapping my tail over my nose.

Why was he acting so strange?

Was the last thought before sleep consumed me.

NOTE:

Sorry for a late update. I really am. I was reading other fanfictions, having fun with my family, and more.
I really wanna know what you guys think.
Can you let me know? You don't have to.

But, anyways, there was a late update on this.
Thanks for reading! Bye!

Part Five - Fireheart's point of view

Blushing!? Really?!

I thought to myself before stepping out of the warriors' den. I sighed in frustration and looked at Tigerclaw, who was near the fresh-kill pile.

Why did he look so... Handsome? He's messing with my head! One moon, he's a murderer. The next, he acts like nothing happens. But I know that's what he wants me to think.

You can't trust him, Fireheart! I told myself.

I nervously padded over to the pile of kill, which was almost gone, and grabbed a plump rabbit for Graystripe and I so he doesn't complain.

ThunderClan is always well in new-leaf. The only problem is that we have to be careful with the other Clans. You never know what they're up to. That is, until it happens.

I was going to walk over to my friend, but instantly stopped in my tracks.

I gasped.

He was talking to Tigerclaw.

But why?

And he looked... Happy? Excited. What were they talking about?

I decided to go see what was happening, so I walk over.

When I'm beside Graystripe, I hear him talking about... I don't know, really.

"... Oh! Fireheart!" Graystripe exclaims. "Didn't see you there..."

I blink. "That's because I barely got here, mouse-brain," I muffle over the rabbit I was holding. I set it down next to Graystripe.

"Tigerclaw is so nice to talk to, Fireheart! We were also talking about you."

When I heard that they talked about me, I stiffened.

I hesitantly asked, "Why would you talk about *me?"*

Sorry for the short chapter. I have other things to do as well.

Thanks for reading, and 60 views! That means a lot! I never expected that much views.
This fanfiction is horrible!

Part Six - Tigerclaw's point of view

The morning was nice and cool. The morning air filled the clearing, and there were no clouds blocking the sun in the sky.

Although it seemed nice, it wasn't all that great this morning.

"Why were you talking about *me?*" Fireheart questioned.

I stood there, frozen until someone answered.

Graystripe nervously laughed, and Fireheart turned to him, wide eyed but questioning.

"Well..." He started, trailing off for the right words. "If I told you I'd be a traitor-" he was cut off.

Fireheart gasped and hissed at him.

"You told him!?" He sounded scared and worried, his neck fur bristling with surprise. "Graystripe, you promised! And I don't love him!" He whispered the last bit. His tail barely flicking in my direction.

I jumped in when Graystripe could no longer find a way to defend himself. His head was low in shame.

"Doesn't love who?" I asked stepping closer to Fireheart. "And a *him?*"

There was silence for a moment before he replied. Stepping backwards a bit, he answered.

"He... The truth is..." I stared at him as he searched for an answer.

"Just tell me. I won't say anything," I said truthfully. It wasn't a lie.

"Yes you will!" He protested. "You'll call me a freak...." He murmured the last part so quietly that I soon couldn't gear a word he was saying.

I strained my ears so I could hear him better, but it was no use.

"What?" I asked.

"I like you, okay?" He blurted. I blinked.

He likes me? After everything I've done? Why?

As my mind raced with questions, I couldn't get that warm feeling in my stomach.

I purred.

Fireheart looked surprised when he heard me purring. It was a raspy purr, but that's because I have so many emotions.

"W-why are you purring, Tigerclaw?" He stammered. "I thought you would-"

I let out a soft flow of laughter. "Then you thought wrong, Fireheart. I *love* you too."

I padded closer to the younger tom, nuzzling him until he purrs. "Aww... That's cute!" Graystripe meowed. I forgot he was there.

"Fireclaw..." Fireheart whispered. "You can be Tigerheart..."

I purred louder. "Sure."

THE END